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TWICE A WEEK AT \$2 A YEAR.

LOW PRICES TALK.



ACTIONS SPEAK
LOUDER THAN WORDS.

The Mighty Crowds Attending

The Great Thanksgiving Sale,

and who daily through our store, attest the
unquestioned fact that

WE ARE THE ONLY
Bargain Givers.

To-Day and To-Morrow

The last great opportunity of '92

The Bargains Offered will be
Worthy the Occasion

Many new Bargains in addition to those
advertised will be on sale.

REMEMBER IT'S

To-day and To-morrow Only.

COME TO-DAY.

Bassett's
WRECKERS OF HIGH PRICES

OUR
HOLIDAY
BOOM.

Right now we are
ready with our

Immense Stock

—OF—
XMAS GIFTS.

The Presents You Want

AT

The Price You Like.

Our ne includes
TOYS, BOOKS,
NOVELTIES,
CHINA,

GLASSWARE
and all kinds of
FANCY GOODS.
Now is the accept-
ed time.

Bryan's Family

A MASQUE.

On fevered brows I lay my cooling fingers
And pause awhile
To soothe the pain, my benighted fingers,
And pale lips smite
My secret holds the wisdom of the ages:
Where'er I go
I tell it to the children, there to sages,
Whispering low.
Then straightaway follow my eliot who bear
me
To do my will
With perfect trust, who erst were wont to fear
me
Serenely still
I know a charm so potent, so prevailing,
So sweet, so vital,
No echo of earth's most anguished wailing,
No grief-thrilled call,
Can penetrate the blue, empyreal distance
To that far land
The keys whereof, with those of men's exten-
sion,
Are in my hand.
His angel, I, who waked in the beginning
The world's life,
His will I work wherever men are staining
And hate breeds strife
Mourning and I of circumstances, seasons,
And every clime
I brook no man's entraving of my reason,
I hide my time.
I come not to my weavers' loom they pray me
With every breath
Nor when I choose my hours, can night delay me
To that far land
Men call me Death.
—Mary R. Merton, in Chicago Graphic.

A MEXICAN'S REVENGE.

Adventure with a Man-Eating
Tree in Central America.

Experience of Two Hunters Who Were
Lured Into a Treacherous Trap—
Assistance Comes to Them in
Time to Save Their Lives.

I have spent, in all, three years in
Central America. I went there with a
surveying party which was running the
line of a projected railroad, one of
those railroads which are built on
paper alone. It has never yet been
realized. While the line was being
run I made the acquaintance of an
American citizen who was the owner of
a large coffee plantation, and he in-
vited me to spend some time with him.
I accepted, and in a little while a mutual
friendship sprang up between us.
The result was that before the time
came for my departure he told me that
it was necessary for him to pay a visit
to his old home in Ohio with his wife,
to settle up some legal business, and
he had been trying to find some one
who could take charge of his plantation
during his absence. He urged me to
take the position, and I accepted. An-
other week found me at the head of
one of the finest coffee plantations in
Nicaragua.

My duties were light enough. Bland
had a competent general manager, and
about all that I had to do was to act as
the power behind the throne in the
manager's absence. I had but one dif-
ficulty during this time. The manager,
a Cuban named Carlinos, was popular
with the laborers, and all went smooth-
ly until one day a Mexican, Miguel in
name, came to the plantation. Miguel in
fact, was a man of a different stamp.
Ferreira, positively refused to obey
some order that Carlinos had given him,
and Carlinos appealed to me. Upon in-
vestigation I calmly told the Mexican
either to obey Carlinos's orders or to
leave the place. With a sidelong glance
at Carlinos and myself he did what
the manager had commanded, and the
same seemed to have blown over, but
I did not feel quite content about it.
The Mexican's look troubled me, and I
mentioned it to Carlinos, but he treated
the matter lightly and was inclined to be
careless in regard to Ferreira. "He
is a coward," he said, shrugging his
shoulders, and so dismissed the matter.
I let the subject drop, ashamed of
seeming afraid of a man whom this
stupid Carlinos regarded with such dis-
dain, and yet I could have sworn that
when I walked that night, startled at
some slight noise on the terrace out-
side my window, it was Ferreira's dark
face I saw in the moonlight, peering in
at me. In an instant it was gone, and
I was out of the room, running along
the terrace, searching here and there.
But no, though I gave the matter a
thorough search, and even went around
to the end of the house and the grove
of banana trees beyond, I saw nothing
moving anywhere save an owl that
sittled out from the trees. I went back
to my room, concluding that I had
dreamed the whole affair.

The next morning I felt quite sure of
it. I met Ferreira several times in the
house, the day, and he was especial-
ly pleasant. He was better educated
than the majority of his class, and his
position on the plantation gave him a
kind of precedence over the others. I
was near him several times before the
day was over, and I noticed that on
each occasion he took pains to speak
pleasantly and greet me with his most
courteous smile. I thought he was sorry
for the bad temper he had shown the
day before. I didn't know him as well
then as I do now.

The next day Carlinos and I had de-
cided upon a walk in the mountains
that made a jagged outline against the
sky off to the south. While we were
getting guns and cartridges into con-
dition for use, Ferreira approached and
said in his smooth tone:
"If the seniors went to the valley,
down beyond the Contadino pass, they
would find where a great panther
roams, and has been seen many times.
I myself saw it but two days ago, but
I was unarmed, so I put spurs to my
horse and galloped away."

Carlinos turned to me with a look of
interest. "That's a good idea," he said.
"We'll look for the panther first, and
if we fail to find him we can try the
mountains."

We were about to turn away when
Ferreira stopped us, with many apolo-
gies, and said, "You will find a narrow trail
leading off eastward down the valley.
Follow that trail half a mile, until you
see a large white cliff, a half mile
to the right. At the foot of that cliff
the panther has been seen again and
again, seniors!"

And so Carlinos and I went walking
off, with swinging strides, toward the
mountains, but used no trail, as
ready for any adventure that came
along.
Except the one that actually did
come. For within the next hour we
passed through the most horrible ex-
perience that ever fell to the lot of mor-
tals I am sure.
We found the pass—a mere gap in
the mountains, but used no trail, as
another pass, a few miles further
south, furnished the nearest road to
the town. The pass was strewn with
rough boulders, and jagged masses of
rock, difficult to make one's way over,
and for half an hour we had all the ex-
ercise we needed in climbing over and

around these obstructions. At last,
however, we were clear of them, and
we shouldered our guns again after a
brief rest, and went on until we found
the trail among the bushes. It was
such a path as would be made by cows
or sheep, going to and from a water-
ing place, and I was going along, paying
very little attention to it, when Car-
linos, who was in the lead, suddenly
stopped and muttered: "That is very
strange."

I looked over his shoulder, and there
in the yellow sand was the barefoot
track of a man. We easily traced it
along down the trail, and then it sud-
denly disappeared, as though the owner of
the track had turned off into the thick
undergrowth. We both followed it up
to that point, and then Carlinos
looked at one another and said again:
"That is very strange!"

And then we both laughed, and Car-
linos said: "But it might have been
some herdman looking for a stray cow
or sheep."

But I noticed that Carlinos looked
after his cartridges a little more close-
ly, and held his gun in a position to
use it, if necessary. And just then the
cliff that Ferreira had described came
into view, about a hundred yards away,
and we turned off from the path
toward this place in which the panther
had been so often seen.
Scarcely had we started in that di-
rection when we were startled by the
long, fierce scream of a howler, hidden
itself. As nearly as we could judge it
was at that very moment at the base
of the cliff. We stopped involuntarily
down the slope, with eyes wide open
and nerves stretched to the utmost.
Yet we went on and on, without seeing
it and suddenly found ourselves almost
at the base of the cliff, hidden be-
hind by the thick and tangled brush
through which we had passed.

Then we stopped and looked around,
peering here and there through the
bushes. It was easy to see that the
spot of ground on which we stood had
been the haunt of some wild animal,
for all about us bones lay bleaching on
the ground. But nothing was to be
seen. The face of the cliff, up to a
height of twelve or fifteen feet, was
covered with the matted tendrils of a
dead vine, apparently. It suddenly oc-
curred to me that the panther's den
must be back under the cliff, hidden
by the vine, and I was about to investi-
gate when just behind us, not ten feet
away, sounded the horrible scream of
the panther.

Both of us whirled, and Carlinos
stepped back a little. In the moment of
confusion I failed to notice him, but in
an instant he gave a heart-rending cry:
"Help! help! quick, the tree! The
man-eating tree!"
Never will I forget that cry, nor the
sight that met my eyes. In stepping
back he had stumbled against the dead
vine, as I had thought it. And then in
a moment every tendril had become in-
distinct with life, and was twisting and
writhing about with the most horri-
bly snake-like motions, matted around
his body and legs, holding him tight
and drawing across his face and
clashed about his throat. Already
when I looked around he was helpless.
During the single moment while I stood
there looking on, he had become a
horror his face had begun to turn pur-
ple. And then all at once I recovered
myself a little, and snatching my hunt-
ing knife from my belt began cutting
and slashing at thinking that
tendrils in the effort to cut their victim
loose.

But before I had made three strokes
something caught my arm and held it
there, so that I could not move. I
my neck, and then there were others
around my hands, over my head, across
my face—everywhere as if once I was
swamp and held, and wherever the
snaky monsters touched there were
pains, as though my flesh were being
torn from my body. I felt my con-
sciousness slipping away; but as it was
going I saw the dead face of Ferreira
peering out of the bushes in front of
me, and he cried out with mocking
laughter:

"I hope you enjoy yourself, seniors.
The panther is not far away, believe
me! Only wait for him until he comes.
Adios! Adios!"
The shock of anger roused me a little
in the midst of my racking torture,
and I saw Ferreira turn to away,
but all at once, amid a chorus of male-
dictions, a dozen hands seized him and
plunged him down, and we were sur-
rounded by a crowd of laborers from
the plantation. With long knives they
cut and hacked at the limbs that were
sucking the blood from our veins, and
in a few moments they had us free.
How they gazed at me! I never knew.
It was not until the day after that I re-
covered consciousness, and I was un-
able to turn in my bed even for two
weeks. The excoriations on my face
and hands left painful wounds, which
were a long time in healing, and which
made dreadful scars. There have all
gone, however, except the one on my
neck, which resembles the scar left by
a centipede.

As for Carlinos, he lay as if dead for
several days, and there were times
when he was pronounced really dead.
Then he went off into fever and delir-
ium, and it seemed that he could not
possibly recover. After awhile,
though, he did struggle back into life,
but his health was wrecked, and he was
never again able to walk as much as
a hundred yards.

How did we happen to be rescued?
Why, some of Ferreira's fellow serv-
ants had heard his muttered imprec-
ations against us, and when we had gone
and they saw him sneak away after us,
they held a consultation and decided to
follow. I have always believed that
Ferreira circled around us, got in ahead
and initiated the cry of the panther
himself to lure us to him. He never
been able to find out, however. When
I had regained strength enough to feel
some little curiosity, and asked one of
our rescuers what they knew of the
panther, he answered with the utmost
unconcern:

"We gave him to the man-eating tree,
senors!"
—Of the famous English statesman
Fox it was said that if the Bible should
get lost he would be able to duplicate
it from memory. Ranee knew by the
heart the entire Euripides, Bayle the
whole of Montaigne, Hughes Douau
the Corpus Juris for word and
Metastasio all of Horace and Corneille.

HOME HINTS AND HELPS.

—To clean bronze ornaments, take
one drachm of sweet oil, one ounce of
alcohol, and one ounce and a half of
water. Apply quickly with a soft
sponge, but do not rub.
—Pencil and paper used systemati-
cally will save nerves and shoe leather.
Every woman should keep several note-
books, small enough to carry in her
pocket, bound by the dozen, and use them
but a trifle. One should be reserved
for marketing, and one should be kept
at hand for a shopping list. To make a
note of the things that must be bought
will save wear and tear and much in-
convenience.
—Jumballay: Wash one pound rice
and soak it one hour; cut up a cold
roasted chicken (after you have taken
the skin off) in small pieces and add one
slice of ham fried a little; then chop
fine, add the rice, chicken and ham to-
gether and pour over it one pint of hot
water; put it in a kettle and cover;
simmer for one hour, stirring through a
cullender before seasoning, it makes
them very fine. If too dry, add a little
milk.—Boston Budget.
—Sweet Potato Croquettes: Boil half
a dozen medium-sized sweet potatoes;
peel and mash until there are no lumps;
season with salt and butter, make into
cone shape, dip them into beaten egg,
then into fine bread crumbs and fry in
a kettle of hot fat. After they are
cooked, if you squeeze them through a
cullender before seasoning, it makes
them very fine. If too dry, add a little
milk.—Boston Budget.
—Indian Cakes: Put a pint of Indian
meal into a bowl, and add it with
rapidly-boiling water. Just enough
water must be poured on to make a
moist, crumbly mass. While this is
cooling beat three eggs, add a pint of
milk and stir this into a cupful of wheat
flour sifted with two teaspoonsful of
baking powder and one of salt; then
turn this batter into the scalded Indian,
beating until it is a smooth mass.—
Country Gentleman.
—Pigeon Pie: For crust take one-half
cup butter rubbed well into the flour,
one cup sweet milk, a little salt; roll
out and line a pudding dish. Roll the
pigeons in a little salt, and water till all
most done, place a layer of pigeons
bottom of dish, strewn over them a little
salt and pepper, and bits of butter and
so on till dish is filled. Take the water
the pigeons were boiled in, add the
yolks of two hard-boiled eggs, and a
teaspoonful of flour, stir all together and
pour over the pigeons. Cover with
sauce, place with yolks of an egg and
salt.—Housekeeper.
—Blanched Almonds: Almonds may
be blanched by anyone. Crack and
separate the meats from the shells,
throw the meats into boiling water and
let them remain for five or ten minutes,
or until the thick brown skin will slip
from them easily. If you want salted
almonds throw these prepared meats
into a pan with a teaspoonful of butter
and a pinch of salt, place them in the
oven and let them stand until they are
slightly browned, shaking or stirring
them occasionally. They are served in
a small ornamental dish, and are al-
lowed to remain on the table during
the entire meal.—N. Y. Ledger.
—Care of the Piano: To keep a piano
case in good order great care must be
taken in the application of so-called
"piano polish," which is constantly be-
ing offered for the purpose of making
the instrument look bright. A very
little polish should be used, and that
should be rubbed off with a soft
woolen cloth. The best way to clean a
piano is to use lukewarm water, and a
fine oil chamois. Go over the case a
little at a time and rub dry with your
chamois skin. Grease may be removed
by the application of a little pumice
stone. Always use a silk dusting for a
piano.—Ladies' Home Journal.

A RAILROAD ADVENTURE.

It Was Amazing, But Not at the Time It
Happened.
A lady who has been traveling
abroad related an adventure, says the
Youth's Companion, which befell her in
Italy in a railway train, an adventure
that is not without its amusing side.
Her husband put her into a compart-
ment alone, and went to attend to the
luggage. After he had gone a villain
one-looking fellow got in, and presen-
tly the train started off, the husband
not appearing. The lady was naturally
a good deal disturbed, and the way in
which the stranger looked at her did not
tend to diminish her agitation.
Suddenly, still with his eyes fixed up-
on her, the man took from his pocket a
large clasp-knife and opened it. Then
he rose and deliberately cut from the
window blinds their cords, and began
to knot them together. The lady was
terribly almost to death. She expected
to be strangled by the spool, and be-
gan appealing to the stranger to spare
her. He only laughed brutally, an-
swering her in Italian, of which she
did not understand a word.
Then he pulled off his coat and waist-
coat, and just as she terrified woman
was almost prepared to fling herself
out of the compartment of the swiftly
moving train, he knotted the cords so
as to piece the broken suspender, put
on his coat and waistcoat, and sat
quietly down in a corner, where he
went quickly to sleep.
The husband, who had by mistake
got into a wrong compartment just as
the train was starting, and who joined
his wife at the next station, found her
on the verge of hysterics from the ef-
fects of the fright she had undergone.

Author of "Common Sense in the Household."

OUR MID-WINTER PURCHASES

Are coming in and the bargains we can of-
fer our customers are simply marvelous.

We went to New York especially to at-
tend some large forced sales and the "Red
Flag and Auctioneer's hammer" fairly pul-
verized values. According to our custom
when we strike a good thing to divide it
with our customers, we have marked these
goods at a small advance above cost.

We haven't the time to give a list of these
goods and prices,—we are getting ready to
move,—but look out when we get into our
new building, we are going to give old Hop-
town such a shaking up as she never had
before.

Watch for the date and come to see us
in our new quarters, corner Main and Tenth
Sts., next door to J. F. Pyle's grocery, diag-
nally across from Forbes & Bro., and direct-
ly opposite the old Hipkins livery stable
lot.

J. E. ANDERSON & CO.

I WILL MOVE

January 1, 1893

The Old Bush Stand,

Next door to the Glass Corner, No. 3 Main St.

Come and see what I will do for
you in the meantime.

THOMAS RODMAN,

Foot-Wear Exclusively.

103 MAIN STREET.

MUSLIN UNDERWEAR.

LADIES,

We invite you to look through our
line of these goods, of which we have a
full stock of sizes and styles, at prices
which are less than you can make them
at home:

Chemise - from 25c to \$1 50

Drawers - from 25c to 1 25

Skirts - from 50c to 1 50

Gowns - from 50c to 1 50

SAM FRANKEL.

Labor is often the father of pleasure.

—Voltaire.

ROBERTS We handle the celebrated "Chase" F. A. Yost & Co.